

# Magazine Feature Section

## Love In A Cottage with \$100,000,000.



Morgan spells Money. Astor also spells money—even more money than M-o-r-g-a-n. Together these names spell \$100,000,000. They fairly glitter with the hard, yellow brightness of gold. Somehow you don't associate either one of them with the softer opulence of love—particularly with love in a cottage. You think of Morgans and Astors as cutting coupons or drawing rentals from priceless parcels of New York real estate.

You read about J. Pierpont Morgan receiving representatives of the allies who seek to borrow a billion dollars from him and his associates to carry on the world war. And that is the sort of story you associate with the name of Morgan. It doesn't astonish you at all to read that when young Junius Spencer Morgan inherits many years hence the Morgan millions he will probably displace the heir to the Rockefellers as the richest man in the world. But it will astonish you extremely to learn that the last thing in the world young Morgan is thinking of is that distant golden day when he may be the richest man in two hemispheres. Young Morgan thinks he is the richest man in the world now. He knows he is. For he, the heir to millions is enjoying all the rich delights of love in a cottage. He is as rich as the poorest newlywed in the United States. Young Morgan has just taken a modest fourteen-foot house in West Thirty-sixth street worth not more than \$30,000 and he is going to housekeeping in it—his first housekeeping with the charming young woman he married last summer.

### PLANS RESTFUL ATMOSPHERE.

Young Mrs. Morgan, who was Louise Converse of Boston, daughter of one of America's most famous composers of music, is quite as much thrilled as her young husband by the prospect of setting up her household goods in a dwelling so modest that many of the Morgan clerks could afford to live in it.

In her simple domestic tastes, her love of housekeeping and her artistic sense of decoration, which will make her home a place of restful beauty, she is exactly like another young woman, Mrs. Vincent Astor, whom New York society finds it difficult to understand because she is so gentle and sweet—or, as the riotous debutantes of the season say, "so dreadfully old-fashioned."

Junius Spencer Morgan and His Wife, Who is Daughter of one of America's Most Famous Composers.

For the Vincent Astors also are trying love in a cottage this year. The house at 122 East Seventy-eighth street which they have taken for the winter months is worth possibly \$35,000, and there are hundreds of newlyweds in New York City who could afford to live in it.

The gossips of New York—the dowagers who sit in the sidelines and discuss the activities of the younger set—do not understand the strange indifference of the young Astors to their unrivaled opportunities to "make a splurge."

house and letting the dowagers do all the talking.

The Fifth avenue house in which young Vincent Astor was born and grew up is easily worth more than a million dollars. And the Morgan mansion at Thirty-sixth street and Madison avenue is in its somber brownstone fashion quite as imposing.

It may be that these two young fellows became surfeited with pomp and luxury before they were out of the nursery. This is more probably true of young Astor than of young Morgan, who was bred according to family traditions of simplicity and who went through Harvard College on \$2,000 a year and never once exceeded that modest allowance or had to ask Morgan senior to help him out. "Silent" Morgan, as he was known at Cambridge, cared nothing for society even then. He preferred the larger life of outdoors, was an athlete and became captain of his crew. It is a tradition for the Morgan scion to go to Harvard. In fact, the heir to the Morgan family is ledged about with traditions. His life is cut out for him at birth quite as if he were a royal heir.

clerk in his father's office, and married the quiet, sweet woman of his choice. His son Junius has just been admitted to a junior membership and has realized the dream of his young manhood—love in a cottage with the only girl.

Young Mrs. Morgan is an outdoor woman, fond of riding and tennis. But she is not "sporty." She loves music and has an intelligent appreciation of all the arts. She is not a great beauty—just a simple, wholesome girl of 20, whom all men would like, of whom fathers and mothers would approve as a daughter-in-law, but who would never set the ballroom buzzing with her love-

leader of New York, Mrs. John Astor lived to regret the choice she had made, and divorced her husband. Through his palace on Fifth avenue she walked for years a marble Galatea whom no Pygmalion's love had ever waked to life and love. She made a cult of her beauty. She does still. Her face is her life work. Still tall, divinely slender, the long oval of her cheek unlined, the vivid youth of her blue eyes deepened by a coronet of silver hair, she is at 50 one of the most beautiful women in the world.

You would never see Mrs. Vincent Astor if her mother-in-law were in the room. You would never look at

aration from the blue-eyed, golden-haired baby girl whom he knew as his little pal.

When Miss Huntington's engagement to Vincent Astor was announced the young man bubbled over with happiness in confirming the report to the newspapers.

### ASTOR DESCRIBES HIS WIFE.

"She is a typical American girl," he said of her. "She has no foolish notions and few fads. She is not a suffragette. Horseback riding and tennis are her favorite recreations. Of course, she's pretty."

Young Astor's enthusiastic praise of his fiancée is echoed today by all those who know her as Mrs. Vincent Astor, a simple, straightforward young woman who has always had too much money to be puffed up by its possession, who is not given to wearing loud clothes or splendid jewels unsuited to her youth. A greater contrast cannot be imagined than that presented by young Mrs. Astor and the cocktail-drinking, cigaret-smoking debutante of smart society. "Buds," sneered a society man, recently, looking over the young girls in a Newport ballroom. "Buds," he repeated, "I call 'em bud-wisers."

And anybody who knows the talk of Sherry's and Delmonicos, who has heard how debutantes cut dances to go on tete-a-tete taxi rides through Central Park while frantic chaperons look for them in vain, cannot say that he was altogether wrong.

Mrs. Vincent Astor by the mere fact of being Mrs. Astor will one day be the leader of the New York society which spells itself in capital letters—heaven knows why! The fact that she is so sweet and wholesome and simple augurs well for the future of New York's smart set.

The Astor fortune has been generally estimated at \$75,000,000, largely in real estate. Young Mrs. Astor could choose her home among the most costly dwellings in New York. The fact that she elects to live in a \$35,000 house speaks well for her common sense.

Today young Morgan is the heir to about \$20,000,000. But it is said that if the war lasts much longer his father may displace Rockefeller as the richest man in the world. The young man and his wife will meet that situation when they come to it. Meantime they chose love in a cottage. Who dares to say that they are wrong?

The Morgan family has never produced a social leader. Perhaps lovely Louise Converse Morgan may upset that tradition, but she has given no sign so far of seeking to become an international hostess, a giver of balls to princes and potentates. Perhaps she will tire of the simple life. Perhaps Helen Astor will tire of it.

### ODD HOBBIES OF YOUNG ASTOR.

Of the two young multi-millionaires who have chosen love in a cottage rather than pleasure and palaces young Astor is the more sociable, young Morgan the more athletic. Vincent Astor has two fads, aeroplanes and apples. His greatest ambition is to become an unrivaled sky pilot. His next greatest to grow the finest apples raised in New York state. His farm at Rhinebeck is run at a profit. He is perhaps the most scientific experimenter in apple growing among the gentlemen farmers of the east. His wife loves the farm as much as he does, though it is not known that she imitates Marie Antoinette and makes butter and milks the cows. The young couple spent their honeymoon there among scenes which had been familiar to them since their babyhood.

The Junius Morgans have no country home of their own. When they returned from their honeymoon they spent some time at the great Morgan country house at East Island, Long Island, where the elder Morgan was shot recently by a fanatic who committed suicide.

Neither of these country places can by any stretch of the imagination be classed as cottages. They cost hundreds of thousands. So young Astor and young Morgan with their girlish brides had to move to New York City, now the gold capital of the world, to undertake the greatest experiment of their lives—love in a cottage, with human nature's daily food, bread and cheese and kisses.

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Vincent Astor and His Wife, Whom He Has Loved Since Childhood.

The great J. Pierpont Morgan went to Harvard, served an apprenticeship in a Boston banking house, came to New York and entered his father's firm. He married Miss Anne Tracy, a quiet home woman who was always perfectly content to live in the shadow of her husband's greatness and who even after his death has remained totally eclipsed by his personality.

The present head of the house of Morgan followed in his father's footsteps, went to Harvard, served his apprenticeship with Peabody & Co. in Boston, fell in love with a poor girl, came to New York, passed through the successive phases of junior clerk, loan clerk and bond

liness or the dinner table laughing with her doting wit.

### MRS. ASTOR NOT A BEAUTY.

Neither is Mrs. Vincent Astor a great beauty. Son of one of the most exquisitely lovely women this country has ever produced, young Astor perhaps despaired of finding a wife who could rival his mother's physical perfection. Ava Willing Astor, the Mrs. John Astor of today, was christened by an old beau who admired her charms and believed the gossip that her heart had been sacrificed to her ambitions "a rare Ava, un-Willing Astor." The belle of Philadelphia, as she was before her marriage made her the social

her in the presence of her young husband's stepmother, Madeline Force Astor, the loveliest of the ill-fated "Titanic brides," who saw John Jacob Astor meet a hero's death.

Yet in Mrs. Vincent Astor's face you find something that you would seek in vain in the eyes of the two other Mrs. Astors—great sweetness and a crystalline sincerity of soul.

Young Mrs. Astor was her husband's childhood playmate. She was Helen Dinsmore Huntington and her father's country place adjoins that of the Astor estate at Rhinebeck on the Hudson. Mrs. Astor's mother inherited the millions made by one of the big express companies in the day when there was no parcels post to cut into dividends. Her family is almost as rich as the Astors. So it can never cross young Astor's mind that his wife married him for any other reason than because she loved him.

In that sense he enjoys a serenity, a security of happiness that his father could never have known, may not have cared for. But two years older than his wife, he has been her chum since infancy. Helen and Vincent, as their families know them, have been sweethearts ever since he was 4 and she was 2. They went to the same school, the same dancing class. Young Astor was a delicate child and as he grew up the fragility of his health compelled his parents to send him to Switzerland for a while. That was his first sep-